Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, AUGUST 16, 1940. | 77th Year.

NO BREAKS!

By L. E. EUBANKS
For the Messenger

"I'M a coward, legs trembling under me and standing here helpless when I've got a perfect chance." But instead of acting, Wilbur leaned weakly against the wall. He searched every direction in the big hangar, almost hoping to see some person and be prevented from the act he had contemplated.

In tormenting vividness events reviewed themselves in his throbbing brain. He'd never had a real chance to distinguish himself, though he knew his flying as well as any other young fellow in Eland Airways employ, and his Gray Streak was as good a ship as Chester Dawson's Silhouette or any other of the Eland planes.

"No," he grated, "never a break; it's always Dawson—young Dawson does this and does that; always given the tough flights and always gets the praise. I've been here longer than he has, and my career is just as interesting as a laundry list—no breaks. And I'll never get one as long as the bosses think Dawson so perfect. I hate the guy; seems to me he sneers when he speaks to me. I've got to do it; I'll never have a better chance."

"IF DAWSON USED HIS OWN PLANE, HE'S WRECKED IN THE CASCADES RIGHT NOW!"

* * *

HE began tinkering with his own plane, while his eyes again searched the hangar. Then swiftly he passed an intervening machine and began his work on Dawson's Silhouette. He knew it as well as he did his own machine, and it only took a moment, this clever manoeuvre. He knew that th cap on the gasolene tank was the same size as that on the oil tank, and that circumstances made the thing ridiculously simple. He had only to change them, and leave everything else exactly as he had found it.

In a few moments h was out of the building, walking as nonchalantly as he could to the near-by street-car line. His schedule called for no flight next day; all he'd have to do would be to stay out of the zone of possible accusation, in case the trick should be discovered.

He went directly home but found it lonely there, since his father was busy at the factory and his mother visiting relatives in Spokane. "I'll take a bus and run down the bay to see Jim Soles. Maybe I'll stay there until tomorrow afternoon," he decided.

On the bus, his thoughts made him happy and uneasy, by turns. That great Thursday flight which Chester Dawson had accomplished with such satisfaction and speed every week for several months, would not be so good tomorrow. The engine would cough, sputter, choke, go dead, etc. There'd be a forced landing, maybe plenty of trouble before the cause was found.

"He won't be hurt," Wilbur assured himself—"I wouldn't want the guy really hurt. But a forced landing is easy on that route—and it'll be something new for the egotist. When the trouble's found he'll just blame some mechanic for mixing the caps. I'm perfectly safe — and I'll see that the news gets well around; maybe it can be made to seem that he was careless in some way. I hate that guy!"

THAT Jim Soles was not home made no difference. Wilbur Thine had spent several vacations there, and proceeded to make himself thoroughly at home. After preparing himself a sandwich and a cup of coffee, he found a rod and reel and went out to the boisterous little creek. Then something prompted him to return long enough to leave a brief note for his involuntary host.

Wilbur loved to fish, and since luck was good he went much farther than he had intended to. It was dark when he returned. A light shone from the window and, just in fun, Wilbur made a thunderous noise on the door. It opened instantly, and there was no answering smile for the visitor.

"Where *have* you been?" exploded Jim Soles.—"I went up the creek looking for you; you must have gone down."

"What's the trouble?" Wilbur felt that weakness in the legs returning.

"Plenty," answered Jim; "your mother.—Wait, there goes the phone again."

After a moment's conversation, he turned again to the puzzled Wilbur. "Well, it's all right now. Sit down."

"Whats all this?" Wilbur demanded.

"The people at the hangar tried everywhere to get you. Dont be scared; it's all right now, but the first report from Spokane was that your mother was dying. This last call says she's safe, entirely out of danger. Your dad wanted to get over there in a hurry, and of course you would, too; so he rushed to the airport, and they tried to get hold of you."

"I should have phoned dad," grimaced Wilbur.

"He got over there," continued Soles, "and mighty quick. Nobody could get him there quicker or safer than Chester Dawson. Then, when they'd gone, somebody thought of this place, and they phoned. I'd seen your note and I told them you'd be in. What's the matter?"

Wilbur seemed suddenly to be ill and was trembling all over. "They don't *know* that dad's there yet, do they?"

"No, but——"

* * *

"GET out your car, get me to the hangar quick—oh, quick, Jim. That plane, Silhouette, I——" He checked himself in time. "Maybe it isn't so good over the mountains. Tree-tops and ledges for a forced landing!"

"Don't be hasty," begged Jim; "your mother's all right now, and we can keep in closer touch with what's happening to Chester Dawson and your dad by staying here near the 'phone; they'd probably be calling us after we'd left here."

"But you don't understand," Wilbur insisted. "I must be ready—should be in my ship and out after 'em right now. It's a break-up and—"

YOUTH

By Tom Watt

I'm in love with the zest of modern youth,
With its jaunty air,
Its spirit of dare,
As it earnestly seeks for truth.

I love the courage of youth of today,
As, facing its tasks,
With boldness it asks
For its share of the dragons to slay.

I'm in love with the youth of fire and flame;
The set of its chin,
The spirit to win,
As it gives all it has in the game.

God, give to this wonderful youth, I pray,
The spirit of right—
The strength of Thy might,
To meet the demands of its day.

—*Advance.*

"Calm yourself, pal." Jim was trying to be kind, but his friend's anxiety seemed unwarranted, and Jim didn't care to spend most of the night in his automobile unless he could do some real good by it. He knew Wilbur Thine to be excitable.

"Could you be calm," screamed Wilbur, "if you knew your father was going to his death?"

"You're crazy," Jim retorted—"anybody's safe with Chester Dawson on the job, you're just jumpy, get yourself in hand."

"But listen, you bonehead, if Dawson used his own plane, the Silhouette, he's wrecked in the Cascades right now!"

Jim leaped from his chair. "Great snakes! *If?* Why, he never uses any other plane, does he?"

"It's possible that he didn't use it this time. Phone; I'm too unstrung."

With trembling hands, Soles got the airport. His face was now as white as his pal's. What he learned completed their consternation, and added a bit of mystery.

"He did use the Silhouette," Jim announced, "and they haven't heard from him yet. He left word for you. You're to go straight to Bill Reade when you get there. Guess Bill has a message for you; who's he?"

"Bill's a mechanic, sort of pal of Chester's. *Now* will you take me to town?"

"Let's go. It all looks screwy to me, but maybe you know what you're doing."

* * *

AT the best speed of which Jim's ancient and rattling car was capable, they raced for the airport. Wilbur was out before Jim could stop the machine, for he had seen his man.

"Bill!"

"Lost is found," Bill greeted, and beckoned Wilbur to follow him into a little room just off the hangar.

"Chester wanted me to talk to you as soon as you could be found; that is personally, he doesn't like the phone. I don't know why he should be so careful about this. He knows you don't like him and he thought you'd be uneasy when you learned he was flying your father over the Cascades, with night coming on. So he said to tell you he'd gone over his machine very carefully. He always did it, though, and I don't know why—"

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes. He said you had kidded him once about some mechanic getting his gasolene and oil caps mixed, and for me to tell you that he had examined them, too. Queer duck sometimes, that Chester boy."

"Was that all?"

"Yes," grinned Bill, "but you'd have thought it was a matter of life and death, the way he impressed it on me to tell you *quick*. Funny you don't like him; he's a prince. He volunteered for the flight, was glad to do it."

"I *do* like him," asserted Wilbur. "Thank you, Bill."

Wilbur saw Jim Soles on his way, then took the street-car home, knowing his father would go directly there. His mind in a daze, the youth felt that he must be alone for a time to get hold of himself before he saw Chester Dawson.

"What a fool, what a fool I've been!" he accused himself. "I thought he was egotistic, selfish and everything else. Made myself believe that he disliked me—and look what he does!"

It hurt, but he went on with his analysis: "Of course he knows I did it, and why. He wanted to let me know how he felt about it before I said something to give myself away. He could not only have got me fired but hopelessly disgraced. Instead, he simply wipes the slate clean again for a new start. And what I write on it now will be something different!"

Slogan Helps Fight Disease

RAGWEED is here—let's all pull together!

This was the slogan which a humorous public spirited citizen forwarded to the local health department toward a more efficient enforcement of the city's new by-law against poison ivy and ragweed.

Health officials pointed out that too many Canadians suffered from hay fever and such a clever slogan might possibly contribute to a decrease in the number of sufferers.

The Man who Tamed the Languages of the Wilderness

(Victoria Library Bulletin.)

JAMES EVANS, 1801 - 1846

* * *

TO the name of James Evans "no adequate justice has yet been done; nor will it now ever be done." So wrote John Carroll in 1882. Today, a hundred years since Evans' great achievement, there is a growing interest in his accomplishments. It is often quoted that Lord Dufferin said of him "the nation has given many a man a title and a pension and a resting place in Westminster Abbey who never did half so much for his fellow creatures."

This son of a sea captain of Kingston-upon-Hull, England, brought to his task of Christianizing the Indians of British North America a strong body and an alert and courageous disposition, so that when, as a young man in 1822, he followed his parents to Canada, he was able ot adapt himself readily to the demands of a wild, undeveloped country. Soon after, when he was just past twenty-one, he married Mary Blithe Smith at L'Orignal.

He began to teach at Rice Lake, and here, about 1827, he met Elder William Case, whose influence sent him forth as a missionary to the Indians—first at Credit Mission near Toronto and later at Ancaster, St. Catharines, Guelph, and Sarnia (St. Clair). These experiences helped to prepare Evans for the work which crowned his missionary achievement, when he became Superintendent of Indian missions at the head of Lake Winnipeg.

His work naturally falls into two phases. The first period, from 1822 to 1839, covers his activities among the Indians of Upper Canada. The second, from 1840 to 1846, was that during which he was employed as Superintendent of the Indian missions of the Red River Territory, and organized the the first Methodist mission at Norway House.

* * *

EARLY in his career as an Indian teacher at Rice Lake he began to study the Indian languages. His object was to evolve a system of writing in the Indian tongue to further the spread of Christian literature. By 1836 he had analyzed the Ojibway branch of the Algonquin family of languages and had reduced it to an alphabet of eight consonants and four vowels. He also discovered the secret of its simple syllabic character and the possibility of expressing it in writing by syllabic rather than alphabetic symbols.

His suggested syllabic alphabet failed to secure the approval of the Bible Sociey. He turned his attention, therefore, toward a more satisfactory presentation of the Roman alphabet, and devised his *Speller and Interpreter in Indian and English* (1837). He did this although he realized the inherent difficulty of trying to teach Indian children English and Ojibway by use of a common alphabet which represented essentially different sounds.

It was not until he entered into the second phase of his labors that he decided to proceed with his invention of a syllabic alphabet and to test its efficacy among the Indians of the Northwest.

He carved letters from blocks, made

"HAPPY is he who, with his mind intent
On noble dreams, puts ever first things first.
God's glory is the highest: man is sent
Into the world, and given ambition's thirst,
That he may strive his duty to fulfil,
And thus accomplish best God's perfect will." —Sel.

type from tea-lead, used a fur-press for a printing-press, made ink of lamp-black and oil, and paper of birch-bark. Thus he began the work of making Christian teaching available to the Cree mind. His system proved so successful that an intelligent Indian could learn to use it in a few hours.

By June, 1841, he had made sufficient progress to enable him to print 100 copies of a sixteen-page hymn-book (a book which enjoys distinction as the first book printed in the Canadian West). This was a "Canadian" book in every sense of the word,—press, type, paper, ink, binding, and language, —in short, everything except the lead.

In the following year he sent a specimen of this strange typography to his friends in Canada West, commenting whimsically on the amateurishness of his work as a printer: "The types were cast by myself and the press and all the apparatus of the Establishment is from my own unmechanized hands, so you must not pry for imperfections for I dare say my book is without 'register,' the 'form' is none of the best."

INTO the last six-year period of his life were crowded many events and activities. He carried on a voluminous correspondence (he had fifty correspondents in the North-west besides numerous ones in Canada and England); he completed his syllabic Cree writing, and translated and printed parts of the *New Testament*, hymns, and catechism; he taught the Indians geography, arithmetic, astronomy, and music; he worked as a farmer and gardener, and conducted the first Agricultural Experimental School in the North-west, although his efforts at Rossville were not dignified by such a title.

During this second period also, he made his long journey to the Northwest, reaching the foothills of the Rockies beyond the present city of Edmonton. He travelled by canoe in the summer and by dog-train and snowshoe in winter-time, experiencing all the rigors of pioneer travel.

The hardships of these years were not only physical ones, for in 1844 befell the tragic accidental shooting of Hassell, for which he was responsible, on the route to Isle a la Crosse. At the same time he became involved in conflicts with Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, concerning his insistence on Sunday observance, his attempts to teach agricultural pursuits to the Indians, and his allegations that the company exploited the Indians for commercial purposes.

There is every evidence for the belief that several charges which were made against Evans' character early in 1846, and which resulted in his recall to England in that year were deliberately forged to effect his removal from the scene of his arduous endeavors, so that the Hudson's Bay Company official might be "prophet, priest and King," in the North west Territories.

After his return to England in September, 1846, his name was quickly cleared—indeed he was acquitted on all points,—and he was importuned to tell the story of his achievements in the Great North-west to crowds of eager listeners throughout England. This new interlude of his life, however, was a brief one. Worn out by the accumulated strain of years of physical hardship and mental anxiety, this great Englishman, who had chosen the "happy land of Canada" as his adopted country, passed away at the age of 46 years, on November 23, 1846.

(Please turn to Page 4.)

About Tugboats

John Jollief

For the Messenger

WHEN a big ocean liner,—the Queen Mary or Normandie, for example,—comes into New York harbor, it takes about 25 minutes and ten little tugboats to put her in her place at the pier. For this service the steamship line pays $300. The job is directed by a tug fleet captain from the liner's bridge by a system of whistles.

Tug boating is big business today. Hundreds of these little boats are employed in New York harbor alone. But tugboating is not confined to New York harbor or to any other harbor. There are three classifications of tugs. There are coastwise and ocean tugs that tour the world: harbor tugs to put big liners in their places: and smaller ones for inland waterways. The ocean tugs cost from $150,000 to $250,000, are from 115 to 160 feet long, carry 17 to 23 men, and have a rated horsepower of 1,000 to 1,480. The harbor tugs cost around $100,000, are 85 to 100 feet long, employ from eight to twelve men in the crew, and rate about 1,000 horsepower. The babies of the lot are the canal tugs which cost from $50,000 to $150,000, are from 75 to 95 feet long, employ nine to eleven men, and rate around 1,000 horsepower.

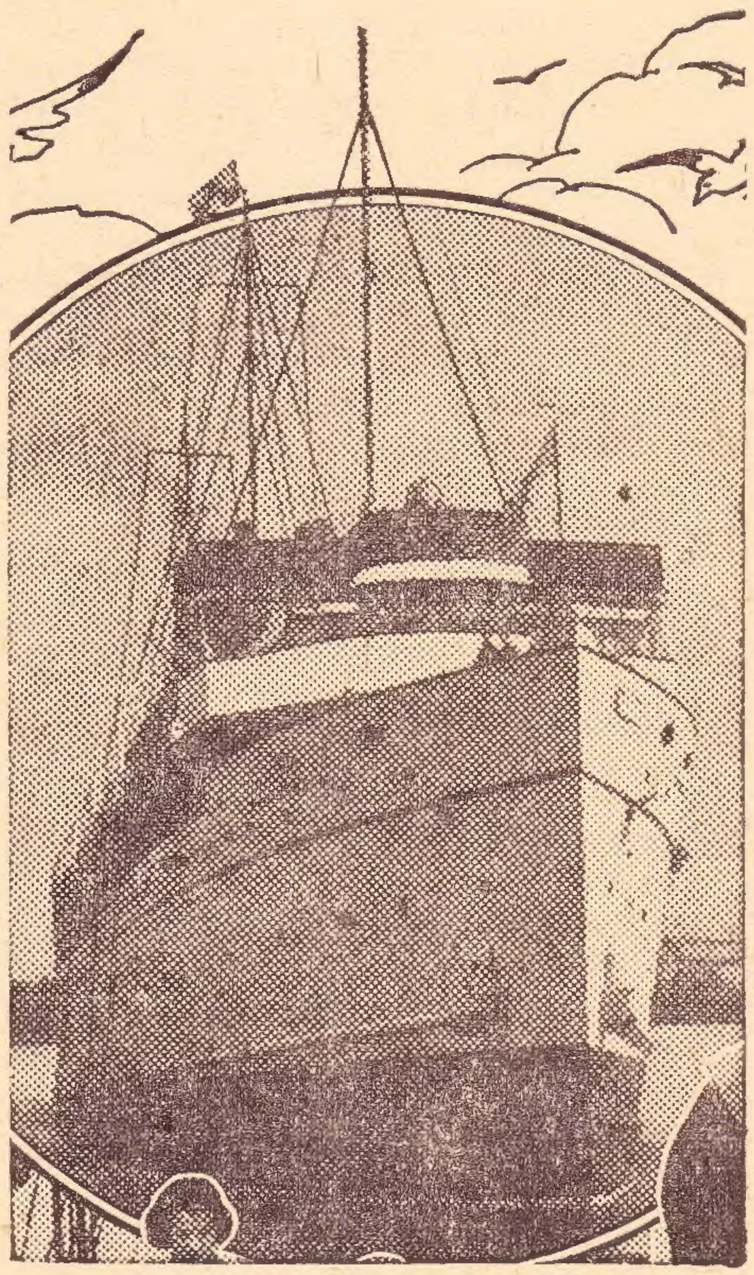
Deck hands on a tug are paid about $95 a month plus board and keep. Such men are strong, husky, direct of speech, and have tugboating "in their veins". It costs about $250 a day to operate and maintain one tug. All modern tugs have radio outfits.

* * *

IMPORTANT tools of the trade are tow rope and power winch. Usually the nose of the boat is hemp-covered to soften bumps and for protection when there's pushing to be done rather than towing. In berthing the big liners perfect timing and co-operation is necessary to avert damage to the ship and the pier. Railroads and large industrial concerns own their own large fleets of tugs, but there are independent companies which do a business alone of more than $25,000,000 annually.

Straight towing, rather than berthing big liners, is what keeps the wheels going in the tugboat business. One of the biggest independent concerns two years ago had an unusually big job on its hands. There was a tow of 460,000 pounds from Jersey City to Whiting, Indiana. The load was a steel tank 25 feet longer than the longest flatcar and heavier than the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The tugboat followed the course up the Hudson, through the Barge Canal, to Utica, Rome and Oswego on Lake Ontario, on to Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and down to Lake Michigan.

Tugboats are used in a number of ways. Frequently they must force a channel through thick ice; do rescue work in case of a wreck or ship on fire; transport car floats for the railroad companies; or tow great rafts of logs. Tugboats are not the kind of ships vacationers would take. They are the workers with very important jobs to do every day.



A Canadian steamer plying on the Great Lakes

MAN WHO TAMED LANGUAGES

(Continued from Page 3.)

QUESTIONS have sometimes been raised whether the Cree syllabic was actually invented by James Evans, or by the Rev. William Mason, a missionary who did not arrive in British North America until 1840. A letter from Evans to his brother, which is now in the possession of the Library, offers decisive evidence on this point.

Don't regard the Golden Rule as a beautiful expression of impractical idealism—put it to work in your life. —Selected.

HORSE TAKES A DIVE

A Tale told by the Associated Press Corespondent

IT must have been the heat. Pat Dundee stood on the dock at the foot of Fulton Street and wrung his hands in despair.

There was Tom, his 1,500 pound horse, swimming north with the East River tide. Behind him was a horseless wagon with 1,000 pounds of fish for delivery at waterfront markets. What to do?

Tom had been munching at a bag of oats. Suddenly he bolted as the mercury in a nearby thermometer touched 94.

The wagon stuck with Tom for a time, but finally he shook it off and reaching the end of Fulton Street, he plunged into the water.

Dock workers plunged into the river after Tom and two of them had to be rescued.

Police and fire rescue squads worked for hours under the broiling sun, trying to effect a rescue, reaching a point of near prostration, while Tom swam on.

Finally, Tom hove to, hard by the Pennsylvania Railroad's tug - boat "York".

Capt. William J. Sweeney, master of the vessel and a salt from way back, proved he was just as adept at the tricks of the plains as the tricks of the sea.

He lassoed Tom, held him until assistance arrived and then watched the Department of Sanitation derrick pull him out of the water.

Tom obviously was refreshed. Pat Dundee was relieved and a score of others were all worn out.

A side interest in the story is that it proves that moter trucks have not quite displaced the horse in New York.

Voluntarily Detained

THREE men stopped a detective in a New York street and explained to him that they had been drinking too much and had decided that the only certain way in which they could give up the habit was to be in a place where they could not reach drink.

The detectives arrested them on charges of vagrancy—all of them stating that they had no fixed abode.

When they appeared in court the magistrate asked each of them how long he felt he needed to be in prison to ensure total abstention. Two of the men said thirty days, the other said ten. The magistrate obliged by sentencing them to those terms.—"Evening Standard"

"My advice to young men is to learn to do something with your hands, and do it well, I don't care what it is."—William S. Knudsen, American Big Industrialist.

The Hay Fever Nuisance

SUMMER'S hayfever climax is the culmination of plant attacks against certain of mankind which commence as early as April on this North American Continent when the lordly elms, oak and ashes spread their pollens through the air. These tiny explosives have their victims up a tree through all of April and May, when the regiments of grasses enter the fray, carrying the offensive on through to August, when you just don't care if every growing thing in the fields camps on your doorstep or gets in your hair —and nostrils.

Rarely a Cure

A GROUP of physicians approached on the matter of treating hayfever, threw up their hands. Relief, perhaps, but rarely a cure—and they stress the perhaps. Many injections of the offending pollen extract may help, but the medical man who treats the sufferer himself may be speechless with the ailment he seeks to cure. And a doctor unable to cure himself has little hope of helping his patient.

The ragweeds, are some of the worst offenders. Their program of attack is a clannish affair, with all the related plants, including dandelion and daisy, entering the fray until the victims raise the white flag in the form of millions of handkerchiefs waving beneath as many reddened noses to no avail. Nothing but frost or a trip to a barren beach where the ragweed flourishes not will help one whit.

Goldenrod long has been associated with the tempestuous hayfever, but it shares honors—or dishonors—with the flamboyant sun flower, the dainty asters and dahlias, yes and even the shrinking violet itself.

The bucolic timothy grass, the fuzzy orchard grass, gracefully swaying red top and prickly June grass, even the innocent-sounding sweet vernal have sinister implications to the hayfeverite. And the low-lying plantain is a snake-in-the-grass to the nose that knows!

House Dust Responsible

JUST to make the matter more involved, the plants have a complicated system of spies operating in our own homes.

All hayfever is not from the great open spaces. A local physician was called upon to diagnose the case of a scool girl who had hayfever every Saturday. All week and Sunday she was free of the symptoms, but Saturday was her gala day. They discovered that was the day she helped with the house cleaning. Presto! House dust, one of the mightiest indoor offenders, was discovered as her enemy.

Another instance, where unsuspected results involved an innocent bystander is the case of the girl who was sensitive to dandelions. As a result her father must go over the entire lawn, hands and knees, plucking salad material from the grass. And a third, a school girl, was affected by corn pollen, was cured, and had a violent relapse just because someone in the house decided to pop some corn in the fireplace.

Others may be sent into tortures of tickle by the linoleum on the floor, the paper on the wall, the horsehair in the new, bargain sofa; and after a rainy spell the very mold that may form under the mattress will suffice as a trigger.

Pony-carts, considered smart equipages for children, may offend since horse hair is an ancient enemy. And the son of the poor with only a dog may get results fully as explosive, since dog hair is as potent as horse hair.—*Berkshire Eagle.*

In a Motor Accident

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

JOHN SMITH, a prominent young business man in one of our cities, with his newly wedded wife, set off for Algonquin Park on the morning of a perfect summer day.

It was the beginning of their honeymoon. Who would not be happy under such circumstances? John had a new car; it had both beauty and speed. The rear part of the car was filled with impedimenta to meet the necessities of such a trip and including a large hamper of food including a big thermos bottle of coffee for lunch by the way.

All went well until the pair had penetrated well into the northern wilds. The road was good and John was bowling along at 50 miles an hour, when suddenly a front tire blew out.

John struggled valiantly to keep the car on the road and he would probably have succeeded had it not been for a narrow bridge over a small stream. The front bumper struck a concrete post of the bridge. His wife was thrown against the windshield in a sickening stop. Instantly she was covered with blood. She swooned.

John, though dazed, had his wits about him. At first he thought that his wife was killed, but examination detected a good pulse. He spread a rug on the tree-covered grass by the roadside, obtained some water from th cool, clear stream and proceeded to estimate the damage done. Her face was happily uninjured. There was a great gash in her scalp from which the blood flowed. A similar gash disfigured her left arm and from this a vessel spouted.

John remembered that he had transferred an emergency kit from his old car. From this he secured a sterile bandage and tied it sufficiently tight above the wound to control the bleeding. He washed his hands in the stream and using a couple of clean handkerchiefs from his suitcase, he wiped away the blood from his wife's face. His wife had by this time revived. "Where am I?" she asked in a low voice. "My head aches," she added. "Never mind, dearest," said John. "We have had a little accident, you'll soon be all right." He wetted a handkerchief in the cold water and applied it to her forehead. Then he gave her a drink of coffee.

John, though knowing little about surgery, was aware of the fact that a wound must not be further contaminated and that a clot of blood forms the best of protection. Having got rid of the excess blood and the scalp wound having ceased active bleeding, he applied one of his sterile bandages. The arm was similarly treated. He replaced the blowout tire and gathered up his belongings, put his wife in the seat beside him and headed for the nearest hospital.—*Health*

My Neighbor's Roses Are Also Mine

The roses red upon my neighbor's vine
Are owned by him, but they are also mine;
His was the cost, and his the labor too,
But mine as well as his the joy, their loveliness to view.

They bloom for me, and are for me as fair
As for the man who gives them all his care.
Thus I am rich, because a good man grew
A rose-clad vine for all his neighbors' view.

I know from this that others plant for me,
And what they own, my joy may also be;
So why be selfish, when so much that's fine
Is grown for you, upon your neighbor's vine?

—Abraham Gruber.

All good moral philosophy, as was said, is but a handmaid to religion.—Lord Bacon.

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WEEKLY

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

AUGUST 16, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : I will pray for you to the Lord.—I Sam. 7:5

Mon. : Morning and noon I will pray.—Psalm 55:17

Tue. : Pray for them that despitefully use you.—Matt. 5:44

Wed. : Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. 26:41

Thu. : Teach us to pray.—Luke 11:1

Fri. : Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke 18:1

Sat. : I will pray with the Spirit.—I Cor. 14:15

It Is Possible

"It is possible to see the will of God in everything, and to receive it, not with sighing but with singing."

Our hand in His, e'en though
The path seems long and drear,
We scarcely see a step ahead and almost fear:
He guides aright,
He has it thus to keep us near.—Sel.

Our Balance

There is always a large balance to our credit in the bank of Heaven waiting for our exercise of faith in drawing it. Draw heavily upon His resources. —Selected.

IS OUR CAUSE CHRISTIAN?

RANGED against us is everything which the Hebrew prophets, the Christian Apostles and the Lord Jesus Himself have made us detest and loathe. And if we give way, there is no power, humanly speaking, that can prevent it from engulfing mankind.

Are we right in loathing it? Of course. There is only one answer. . . .

This is the true antidote to hatred. Hate means "You have hit me; I will hit you and harder." That may be natural; it is not Christian.

Loathing means "This is so much dirt; it stinks; away with it." And unless it is held that Christ would have us make terms with sin—which God forbid—that is Christian.—Dr. W. F. Lofthouse in Meth. Recorder, London.

HE hates Germany who would leave her to add another sin to her monstrous score. We are fighting for the soul of the countries of Luther, of Mazzini, of Pascal, as much as for our own. Victory in this dread issue to which God has joined us will not merely bring security to us; it will be a bulwark for the cause of men.—W. F. L.

Blessed are the happiness makers, blessed are they who know how to shine on one's gloom with their cheer. —H. W. Beecher.

THE attitude of hostility which religion and science have often assumed toward each other is greatly to be lamented, and should be changed. They should no longer think of each other as foes, but as friends. They should walk by each other's side in mutual confidence, each rendering important help to the other.—J. T. Sunderland.

AFTER MANY DAYS

Fragments of angry grief, of bitter pride,
Of deep resent'ful thoughts and rebel ways—
All those I cast upon the waters wide,
Nor thought but they would flow out to the sea.
The current changed. And after many days
All these returned to me.

In later years I sent adown the stream
Fragments of happy thought, of hours ablaze
With joy and kindness: and the quiet gleam
Of courage, friendship, and of charity.
The current changed. And after many days
These too returned to me.
—Anne Hunt in "Sharing"

Verse

In the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee:

When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall
Not for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.
—James Montgomery.

HIGHEST EFFORT

If Jesus Christ had come into the world to preach a gospel like the Buddhist's, of the cessation of effort and the mortifying of desire till both die out together, then this great contest would have been another thing. But Jesus came to kindle desire and intensify effort, to raise them both to their highest power, and through them to save the world.—Henry Kingman.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.

Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul, carry on!
—Robert W. Service.

MEDITATION AND INTERCESSION

PRAYER for all rulers and leaders, specially for our own country and Empire that God's will shall be accomplished.

Constant prayer for Youth that strong Christ-like leaders shall be raised up to train them and that those who have been misled will flock to the standard set up by the Spirit of God. (When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall set up a standard against him.—Isa.)

All previous training can be used for God just as was St. Paul's.

"Put ye on the whole armor of God—praying always in the Holy Spirit."

Prayer and faith and daily alert obedience is our part in winning the war.

Prayer for all peoples specially our own, that they may realize their part in the war and not leave it to those who are actually called to the colors or to the Red Cross, etc.

Prayer for the oppressed and terror-stricken; for wounded and bereaved.

Prayer for all who suffer and for those who turn to God that they may truly find Him

Young People's Bible Reading

Confession Means "Owning Up"

for Sunday
AUG. 25, 1940.
2 Sam. 12:13, 14
Ps. 51; 32:5

by BARAN

DAVID was brave, generous, loyal, chivalrous. Twice he spared Saul's life when he could have slain him (1 Sam. 23 and 26) His lament over Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. 1:17-27) is sincere and noble.

But it was a wild and cruel time at the best and the conditions under which David lived as an outlaw were not the best. Perhaps that was the cause of a deterioration in his character which went on till he fell into terrible sin.

The story is told in 2 Samuel 11 and 12. The Bible speaks very plainly. It doesn't gloss over sin, but shows it as the horrible thing it is.

The chapters in Samuel are not for children's reading. We who are older can read them and take in their stern lesson. We may not be tempted as David was, but temptations of one sort or another are all around us. When we fall it is because we have allowed a "fifth column" in our hearts to open a gate to the enemy.

Just as the great preventive of disease is a healthy physical condition, so we must build up a healthy mind that will instinctively throw off temptation. Our Lord was able to say, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." (John 14:30) By living close to God we can gain something of His strength.

"At the time kings go forth to battle David tarried still in Jerusalem." Temptation assailed the king when he was idle and off his guard.

You need not go into the details of the story with the children. It will be sufficient to say to small children that David had sinned deeply and had tried to conceal his sin. Sin if not cured is like a terrible disease—

But och! it hardens a' within
And petrifies the feeling. (Burns)

Our Lord said, "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light." (John 3:19-21) The war between good and evil is often symbolized as between Light and Darkness. Let us walk honestly "as children of Light" and we need never be afraid of anything.

DAVID'S REPENTANCE

THE point in our study is not David's sin. It is David's confession and repentance.

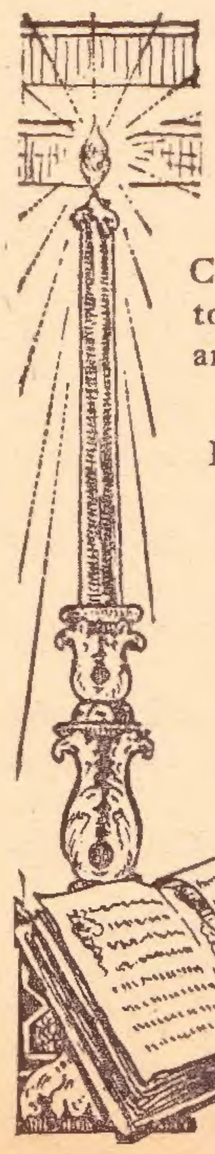
It was in mercy that "The Lord sent Nathan unto David," to drag his sin into the open.

This is one of the first stories of those grand prophets who spoke so bravely against national and individual wrong-doing.

God is not against you but for you, in all the struggles of life; He wants you to get through safe; wants you to succeed; wants you to conquer; and He will hear your cry out of the deep and help you. And then when you find yourself wrong, utterly wrong . . . cry "Come quickly, O Lord—at once—just because I am a sinful man, just because I am lazy and stupid, because I am perverse and vicious, THEREFORE *raise up Thy power, and come to me. . . . And with Thy great might succor me. . . ." And then, whether He delivers you by gentle means or sharp ones, deliver you He will, and set your feet on firm ground, and order your goings, that you may run with patience the race which is set before you along the road of life and the pathway of God's commandments wherein there is no death.—Charles Kingsley.*

David had committed one murder. He might in his anger have committed another. That did not deter Nathan from doing his duty.

Read his parable (2 Sam. 12:1-4). It was the very story to touch the conscience of the shepherd-king. "And David said . . . the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. . . . And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man!"



Memory Verse

Confess therefore your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.
—James 5:16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM AUG. 19 TO AUG. 25.

Mon.—2 Sam. 12:13, 14
Tue.—Ps. 51:1-3; 9-13
Wed.—Dan. 9:20-23
Thu.—Luke 15:11-24
Fri.—Luke 17:1-4
Sat.—1 John 1:5-10
Sun.—Ps. 32:1-5

David owned up the terrible wrong he had done. His repentance was sore and real. Nathan assured him of God's forgiveness. But a terrible wrong had been done and its consequences went on and on. David's punishment was not only in the loss of his little son, whom God took to Himself in his innocent babyhood, but in the many sorrows and tragedies of David's later life.

David is called "a man after God's own heart." (Acts 13:22) We must remember the dark time in which he lived. And we must remember his many noble qualities and his sincere repentance. We can consider the 51st Psalm as expressing his deep contrition.

Repentance is not merely sorrow for sin. David prays not only that his sins may be "blotted out" but that he may be "washed" and "cleansed." That is that his character may be radically changed. Forgiveness is more than being "let off." If that was all, it wouldn't be much good. The word forgiveness usually contains the idea of "release", of "lifting up."

I acknowledge my transgression.—Read the story of the Pharisee and the Publican (Luke 18; 9-14) and many other sayings and incidents in the Gospels. Don't let us be afraid to "own up."

It is to God's "loving kindness" that David looks for restoration. If more people realized the "loving kindness" of God they would turn to Him.

Against Thee only.—David had sinned against himself and against others. But above all he felt that he had sinned against God. Joseph when he was tempted said, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God." (Gen. 39:9) Our duty to God strengthens us in our duty to our neighbor.

That Thou mightest be justified.—God is all holy, all loving. David saw that God's judgment against him was just.

Behold I was shapen.—This does not mean that David's father or mother were wicked. It simply means that he felt that from his babyhood he had had faults which he had left uncorrected.

Truth.—As opposed to self-deception or hypocrisy.

The inward parts.—As opposed to mere superficial goodness.

Thou shalt make me to know.—God will give men wisdom and strength if they keep close to Him.

Hyssop.—An aromatic plant used in

(Please turn to Page 8.)

In Norway

DURING the first days following the German occupation, the authorities of Oslo stopped the off-sale of liquor altogether, but the sale in restuarants was still allowed. The off-sale prohibition has been raised. The temperance organisations demand its continuance. "It is," says a petition, "of great social importance to develop sobriety among our people. On this sobriety depends calmness, security and order."

The president of the Norwegian Abstinence Federation, Mr. Rolf Jacobsen, recommends the temperance associations to pursue their work. The local federation of Oslo has launched a similar appeal.—Alliance News.

"FOLLOW ME"

Matthew sat in the customs place,
Rich, complacent, and shrewd of face,
Careless, heedless as oft before
Of looks of hate that the people wore.
Din, disputings and turmoil! — Then
One stood beside him who spake as men
Had never spoken—His words were two
And Matthew rose as the willing do.

Today One stands where we fret and toil
With wearied faces or hands a-soil
With greed and grasping — He comes again,
As long, long since to those dark-faced men.
Oh! blessed coming—to me, to you!
He speaks again—and His words are two!
—*Selected.*

Confession Means "Owning Up"

(Continued from Page 7.)

O.T. ceremonies of purification. (Ex. 12:22; Lev. 14:6, 7; Num. 19:18)

Than snow.—David felt that God could so transform his character that it would stand out whiter than the snow of the mountains. Fellowship with God cleanses our hearts and minds.

Joy and gladness.—When the people were weeping for their sins Nehemiah told them to cease mourning. (Neh. 8:9-12) "For the joy of the Lord is your strength."

The bones.—Literally "that the bones that Thou hast crushed may exult." A strong figure, David felt himself powerless. But the joy of God would give him new life and strength. His bones would not only be strong; they would "exult."

"A Clean Heart"

CREATE in me.—"Create for me." (R.V.) Renew. — Better, "make new." "What is sought is something which has never been in the Psalmist's life before." (Dummelow)

The Hebrew word for "create" is atways strictly used of the creative power of God.

"The whole spiritual being of the man had, as it were, fallen into chaos." (Perowne) He wanted to be "made over again." God will "make us over again" if we let Him. This is what is meant by being "born again," "born anew," "born from above". (John 3:3; 2 Cor. 5:17; Eph. 4:23, 24)

But "renew' in the ordinary sense of the word has a very fine meaning. Our spirits need to be renewed all the time as our bodies are daily made new by food, rest, exercise. This v. 10 is a very lovely little prayer. It was given to me when I was very small as one of my prayers for morning and evening.

A right spiri.t—R.M. "A steadfast spirit" that will not yield to temptation.

Thy holy spirit.—Just as the clean, pure air gives us life, so God's "holy spirit" purifies and strengthens us. The word "spirit" means "breath, air, wind." The word "holy" means "clean, wholesome." (See Ezek. 37:1-14)

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.
(Dr. Hatch)

Thy free spirit.—Literally, "Spirit of willingness." "A spirit of unforced obedience." (Dummelow)

Then shall I teach.—Literally, "Let me teach." When one has been helped by God, he helps others by his life, even more than by his words.

O Lord open Thou my lips.—This lovely verse has been taken into various liturgies.

For Thou desirest not sacrifice.—This is the grand teaching that runs all through the prophets. 1 Sam. 15:22; Prov. 21:3; Isa. 1:11-20; Jer. 7:22, 23; Hosea 6:6; Micah 6:6-8) The New Testament is full of the same teaching.

God is good and calls His people to be good. "Religion", going to church, reading the Bible, prayer, correctness of belief, religious experience, the Sacraments, the observance of the Sabbath,—All these are "Means of Grace." They help us to be good. But they can never be "substitutes" for plain goodness.

The sacrifice of God.—Compare Psa. 34:18; Isa. 42:3; 57:15; 66:2.

Do good . . . unto Zion.—The two concluding verses were probably appended when the Psalm came to be used in the Temple services. We offer up the "spiritual sacrifices" (1 Peter 2:5) of prayer and thanksgiving and above all of our lives and all that we have. (Rom. 12:1)

"To me a sinner"

OUR other verse (Psa. 32:5) has the same message as Psa. 51. "Hid.—Literally 'covered' as in v. 1. It is only when a man does not cover his sin that God does cover it." (Dummelow) We are never right till we honestly "own up." There is an old saying, "Open confession is good for the soul."

The word "Confession" has another fine meaning. It means "avowal." When we praise God and when we pray to God we are "Confessing our Faith" in Him. Those who in old heathen times worshipped God at the risk of their lives were called "Confessors." Let us look away from our own sins to God's great goodness.

Our Memory Verse is from the letter of St. James. The writer is almost certainly "James the Lord's brother," the head of the Church in Jerusalem. (Acts 1:13; 12:17; 15:13-19; 2:17-26; 1 Cor. 15:17; Gal. 1:19)

He was known as "James the Just." He was the leader of the Jewish Christians. He was highly respected by all the best Jewish people .Josephus tells us that he was stoned at the instigation of the Sadducees.

His letter was primarily addressed to Jewish Christians. Our verses (5:14-16) refer to a Jewish custom. Oil was a recognized Jewish remedy for various illnesses. (Isa. 1:6; Matt. 6:13; Luke 10:34) The Jews wisely recognized that illness often had its roots in mental and spiritual conditions, so sick persons were encouraged to tell the Rabbi who visited them anything that troubled them. He was often able to minister both to soul and body.

James advises Jewish Christians to retain this simple and natural custom. Again "Confession" simply means "owning up."

As we know some churches have twisted the old Jewish custom into something very different.

"The prayers of the righteous have a powerful effect." (Moffatt)

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

* * *

For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God. (Tennyson)

Questions

1. Who was Nathan?
2. Was David sorry for his sin?
3. "Truth in the inward parts." What does this mean?
4. "Create in me a clean heart, O God"—Complete the verse.
5. "Uphold me by Thy free spirit."—What does this mean?
6. What is better than "sacrifice"?
7. What do the writers of the Psalms and St. James all teach us about wrongdoing?
8. What does "Confession" mean?

"UPS AND DOWNS"

A Short Serial Story

By M. C. McLellan

For the Messenger.

IMPORTANT PEOPLE

JACK GARDINER, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, kind friendly people.

DULCIE the little girl they have adopted.

THE ALYNS a neighboring family who disapprove of the adoption of Dulcie.

AS the men parted, further words beat upon Jack's brain. "Yes, sir," rasped the voice of Mr. Alyn, "my wife tells me they intend to keep the child, saddling themselves with another mouth to feed—"

"That's what I say," yelled the deaf neighbor, "they need money, not more mouths to feed."

Jack's heart was in a panic; the ant hill was forgotten. One blinding awful thought crowded out all else. His father, with the kind quizzical eyes, the one man above all others whom he loved, had an awful *something* that Mr. Alyn had shouted "he'll never be clear of," and added to that, it seemed they could not afford to eat very much, and he had been so hungry a few minutes ago; he could not eat now. He got home somehow and hid himself in the darkest corner of the granary where no one would see him.

That night Mrs. Gardiner said to her husband, "John, Jack is in some kind of trouble. I went to the granary for some grain for the chickens. I had on slippers that made no sound, and I heard something terrible to me,—Jack, face down in the dark corner, crying as I never heard him cry in all his life. You know he *never* cries. I wanted to rush right to him but I know Jack so well. I knew he wanted *nobody* near just then. At supper he scarcely ate anything, and never once looked up."

"I noticed he seemed very quiet and went to bed early," said Mr. Gardiner. "Perhaps he had hurt himself—"

* * *

"OH no, mercy no!" was the reply. "You remember when he broke his leg he never whimpered when Dr. Smith set it, but with the sweat on his face, asked, 'Dr. Smith, how long before I can play ball?' And I've seen him badly hurt, and he would rub the place and laugh."

"Well, Jennie," said Mr. Gardiner, "Jack has never been underhanded or sly,—we can't force his confidence. When he gets his balance he will tell us all about it."

"He is not in disgrace at school," rejoined his mother; "I rang up the teacher and just chatted, and she said at once Jack is her star scholar and that everybody loves him."

Late that night they stole silently to his door and were made more anxious. His bed was tossed and tumbled, and he seemed to be awake. "Oh, dear," he muttered, "I wonder if Dr. Smith could fix it. Aw shucks on the whole gang of Alyns!"

Mrs. Gardiner would have gone to him, but her husband drew her away, and in the little sewing room, he said, "A forced confidence is seldom best. He has never failed us. We will lay his case before the Heavenly Father first." Together they knelt and sought strength and guidance in solving their boy's problem.

The next morning the anxious mother asked in a very casual way, "Feeling all right, Jack?"

"Sure thing, fit as a fiddle!" he answered readily, "and as empty as a last year's robin's nest."

He began eating heartily, when memory of trouble seemed to return suddenly. As he was reaching for bread, he paused and asked earnestly, "Does bread cost a lot, Mother?"

"Why no, very little; why do you ask, Jack?" she enquired.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered vaguely, and ended by taking half a slice. His eyes during the meal searched his father's face with such a look of wistful fear that the man's heart was distressed.

When Jack had gone to school, Mr. Gardiner left his ploughing and came to confer with his wife. "The boy beats all," he said. "He looks sick, yet he is not a sick boy. My! my!" he reflected, "the times and times we've laughed together over his pranks and his jokes, seeming to be fairly spilling over, full of fun. You noticed he seemed sore on the Alyns, so I made an errand over there this morning to see if I could catch any clue, but Alyn only began a long rigmarole about us taking Dulcie."

* * *

DULCIE, hearing her name, came forward. "Muzzie is making cussed pie, Dadda," she confided in her earnest little voice.

"Well, well! that's very curious of Muzzie," he laughed. As he left the house he said more cheerfully. "Jack is made of good stuff, Jennie, and we are not going to doubt our boy. Finish your pies, then come out into the sunshine."

In the meantime Jack had trudged to school, thinking to himself, "If taken in time, Dr. Smith might be able to fix it, even if Mr. Alyn with his gold tooth and his big voice did say he'd *never get clear of it.*"

At recess Jack said, "I got a headache, boys; go 'long and forget me."

As soon as he was alone, he wrote a letter to Dr. Smith. On his way home at noon as he passed the letter box he dropped it in. First pretending to fix a shoe lace, he dropped on one knee, and as the others hurried on without him, he prayed, "Dear God, please help. Everything is in an awful mix-up. Please help."

The following afternoon, Mrs. Gardiner hurried out to the field with a fluttering heart. "John," she said, "it must be coming out now; Dr. Smith rang up, and he wants to see us privately. He insists that there is no need to worry, and that Jack must not know. Isn't it queer?"

"It is queer all right. I remember he muttered something that night about 'if Dr. Smith could fix it.' He does not seem sick, yet he sure looks badly. We will drive in right after school, and get at the root of this."

When Jack arrived, his mother asked, "Will you take care of Dulcie while we go in to the village on an errand, my boy?"

* * *

"SURE!" he assented, and a gleam of his usual humor showed as he asked Dulcie in a pompous way, "Will you be very, very good, Miss?"

"Ess, me be good," she cheerfully promised.

As they drove out of the yard, Jack pointed to the big house on the hill, and said, "You know you said one day you wanted to go to that big house up there —want to go now?"

"Ess, want to go wight stwaight now!" was the ready reply.

"But Mrs. Alyn wants you. Will you *stay* up there and not cry?" he asked anxiously.

"No," she gurgled gleefully, "me 'tay up dere."

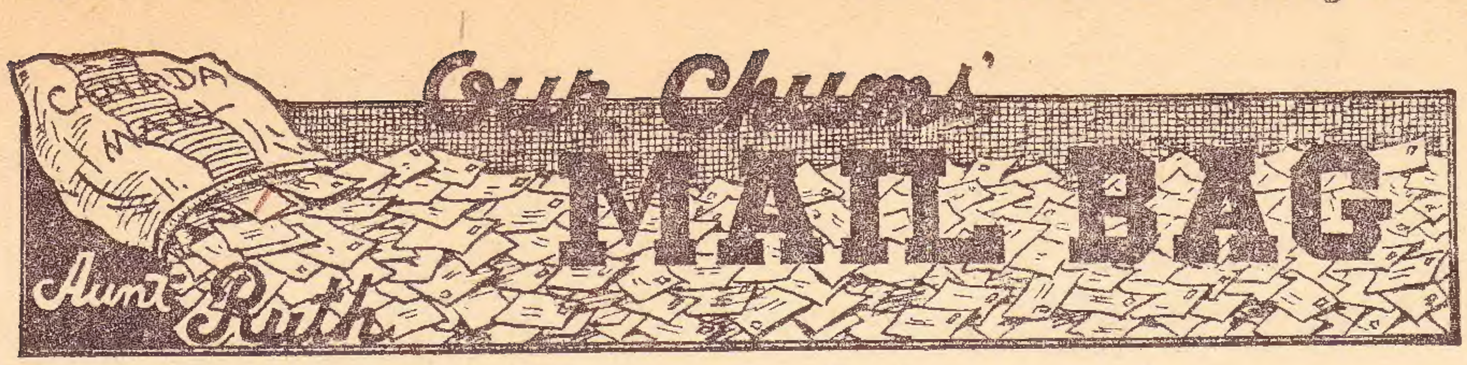
"Well, you're a cheerful ungrateful little creature," he said crossly. "I almost wish I hadn't found you—no, no, I don't mean that," he added hastily, "but boy! I feel as if an elephant had stepped on my stomach. Well come on, Midget. It won't take much of her old silk to rig you out. Some swell baby you'll be."

The little one jabbered joyously and incessantly to a very quiet boy, as she skipped along, clinging to Jack's hand.

At the great side piazza they met Mrs. Alyn. "Why it is Jack," she said pleasantly. "Did you bring the little girl to see me?"

"I brought her for keeps. You said

(Please turn to Page 11.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

You have done splendidly in the Dominion Day Contest,* and soon we shall begin to hint darkly of other contests to come, because this Fall and Winter are going to be full of adventure for the Chums' Circle. In the meantime it has been grand to get to know your thoughts about our country's anniversary. I like the enthusiasm with which you write about Canada, and let us carry that enthusiasm into our daily life. When something threatens to go wrong and the nasty human nature in us wants to act up and be unpleasant or sorry for itself, let us stop and ask ourselves, "Is this worthy of Canada? Is it a way to show my gratitude to God for letting me live in a land of peace and opportunity?"—I think you'll find it will work miracles.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your Club and I would like to join. May I?

I did not go to school, because I was sick. I was in the V. Grade when I knocked off. I hope it will be soon when I get better, and go to school again because I like it very much. I get the Northern Messenger every Sunday. I enjoy it very much.

I have two brothers and two sisters. My youngest sister is 6 years old and she has a broken leg. Her name is Catherine.

For a pet I have a little kitten named Billy.

I did not see the King and Queen when they were in Canada. But I have plenty of pictures of them.

Don't you think they look nice?

It is getting late and I shall have to close now. Lovingly,—Rhoda Messenger. N. S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am going to try to tell you "What Dominion Day Means to Me".

I have always lived in Canada and I like to stand up for the Dominion. I like to be true to it for its name as it originated from the Bible. It is more important to me this year as we might not always have a Dominion if we do not prove ourselves worthy of it.

I look forward to July 1 as we have lots of fun celebrating. One year we planted a maple tree. It is still living.

Well I guess that's all for now. I would like other chums to write to me. Your loving Chum,—Doreen Johnson. Ont.

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*This contest was conducted during the month of July. More of the winning letters appear on our page this week.

What Dominion Day Means to Me

By Joy Hilditch

WHEN I saw this subject to write about on the Chums page, I thought it would be easy to write on but perhaps it is not. I do not think anyone could fully express their feelings of what this day, commerating that uniting of our Dominion, means to them.

I think Dominion Day this year will mean more to me than any other time that I can remember, because of the war in other countries while we have peace in our own.

I often wonder what the "Fathers of Confederation" thought when they united our provinces. Are their dreams being fulfilled? I know that our Dominion is peaceful and God is being good to us in sparing us so far from war on our soil and we hope He may continue to do so. I hope the Swastika may never wave over our beloved land.

DOMINION DAY often means the first day of summer holidays to me, which is very welcome. Other times it may mean a picnic or celebration of some kind. I like them all.

I think we may show our thankfulness now very well by sending supplies of every kind to those partaking in the war. We may also write letters of cheer to our own Canadian soldiers over there, or take guest children into our homes. These are only a few things we may do to help our Dominion and bring peace to it and other countries.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

MARGARET COLLINS

Honorable Mention

BARBARA APPLEWHITE

* *

What Dominion Day Means to Me

By Barbara Applewhite

I CAN hardly express in words all that Dominion Day means to me. I realize that the Dominion is seventy-three years old and those years have meant toiling, rejoicing and sorrowing for this fair Dominion. This great day makes me want to stand up and salute my beloved Dominion which has brought for me freedom, peace and joy.

This great day makes me feel so grateful that I could kneel down and say—"Thank God I have a Dominion to be proud of". I really confess that I do not fully appreciate this beloved country. Through the years that I have lived in Canada I am thankful that peace has reigned. I hope in the future that I may be a worthy citizen of this vast Dominion. I will work and pray that throughout this Dominion and other nations God can look down and say "I have dominion from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth". In closing I would like to say, "Thank God for my beloved Dominion and from the depths of my heart God Save Canada and may the dark clouds of war never drift over her peaceful skies".

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—I saw in your paper "The Northern Messenger" that you were asking girls to write to tell you

What Dominion Day Means to Me

FIRST of all when I see by my calendar, and I really do not need one, that Dominion Day is drawing near, I think of a people whose earnest, honest striving has made this great Dominion truly reach, "from sea to sea".

I am proud of, and grateful to, such people as Champlain, the Jesuit Missionaries, Talon, Wolfe, Carleton, The Unitied Empire Loyalists, Selkirk, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfred Laurier and many others I have not room to mention for the courage and the loyalty which helped them to become some of the most honoured and truly, "fathers of our country", and I am rightly grateful.

Think of the pleasures and benefits we enjoy, first as children, and then as men and women. We have no dictator to say "do this," or "you musn't do that." We can go about and do as we please with no shadow of a swastika over us. We are free, and I am proud that I am a Canadian.

(Please turn to Page 11.)

How Young Britons Face Air Raids

IF an air-raid siren got you out of bed in the middle of the night, what would you do? Thousands of British boys and girls are being wakened night after night by air-raid warnings, and a writer in the (London) Methodist Recorder tells how some of them are facing the test:

A class of eight-year-olds in a Junior School in the outer ring of London have for some time been holding a regular time of prayer together and listening for God's Voice. Their first air-raid warning lasted for three hours in the middle of the night. Next morning they greeted their teacher with accounts of their experiences.

"I had a prayer time last night in our shelter," said Peter, "and Mother had one, too. God said to me, 'Have courage!' and He told Mother that He was with everybody in the air-raid, and she was to have no fear."

* * *

TWO of the children had wakened their families when the sirens sounded. "I got out of bed," said one, "and asked God what to do. He told me to wake the others. When we got into the shelter, my little brother, who is only five, began to cry, so we both prayed, and he stopped straight away."

One boy, who had been shaking with fear, said: "I was very cold, so I asked God to make me warm again. In a little while I was quite warm and went to sleep in the shelter."

Another little girl said, "I felt very frightened, so I asked God to take it away, and He did, and I didn't feel frightened any more."

Then there is the story of Doreen, a girl of nine who was evacuated last September to a dustman's home in a South Coast town.

When she came she was a shy and nervous child; but since the daughter of the house taught her to listen to God she has become a bright, forthcoming, friendly child who is doing a great deal to bring the others in the house and her playmates to God.

After her first quiet time of listening she prayed, "Thank You, God, for lasting me until now so that I could learn to listen to You."

* * *

DURING the first air-aid, nine months after she came to her new home, Doreen was calm and helpful, her hostess shaken and nervous. When the "All clear" sounded, Doreen said, in a loud voice, "Thank You, God!"

"What have we got to be thankful about?" said Mrs. Jones. "Being dragged out of our beds in the middle of the night, and having to sit here all these hours?"

"Well," said Doreen, "there weren't any bombs. And anyway, I had to say thank you to God for keeping me calm."

There was another warning a day or two later, and this time Mrs. Jones was quiet and steady. "You *are* a nice-to-be-with kind of person!" said Doreen.

CHUMS' LETTERS

(Continued from Page 10.)

I FEEL that on July 1st there arises in the heart of each true Canadian the urge to serve his people, his country and his King. Now more than ever before has come this urge.

Although we women-folk cannot shoulder a gun, we too can do our bit. We work for such worthy organizations as "The Red Cross," and this year, on July 1st, picnics, and field days will be held across our great country to make money to clothe and feed our boys, over here and over there. In this the women must take the greatest responsibility, for it is we who must make the meals to be served, and the dish cloths or pot holders to be sold. In this great work we have as a leader and a pattern to follow, our Queen Elizabeth.

To feel and think these things makes me, as I feel sure it makes others like me, want to do all I can and to be loyal to my King and my country.

I have tried in a few words to explain the feeling I have for my country and Dominion Day. I could have said much more and yet I do not think I could say all I feel. All true Canadians are the same. In this war time we can but fight, and hope, and work and pray that we shall be victorious and I am sure it shall be so. Yours sincerely,—Margaret Collins, Ont.

UPS AND DOWNS

(Continued from Page 9.)

you wanted her," he answered stiffly, his eyes cast down.

* * *

"YOU mean you want to give her to me?" she asked in surprise. "No, I don't *want* to, but I will. She can have the pony, and the piano and the dresses and things," he said in a dull voice.

Little Dulcie had trotted away to the door, and was peering in intently, taking no notice of what was said.

Mrs. Alyn was silent; she was plainly perplexed. "My boy," she asked suddenly, "did you think I meant all that?"

"You said you wanted her," he answered stolidly.

"Jack," she said earnestly, "I owe you an apology. I was only joking. I could not really take a child; it adds so to the cares and respons——"

"Oh, it's all right," he cut in with a sunny smile. "We want her ourselves anyway."

"Dulcie!" he called, "I'm going now." He fully expected a scene. She would want to stay.

"Wait for me!" shrilled Dulcie, avoiding Mrs. Alyn's hand, as she would have petted her.

The little one seized Jack's hand, and they walked silently and sedately down the broad driveway. As they passed from Mrs. Alyn's sight, beyond a row of spicy syringas, Jack suddenly dropped on one knee and held her bits of hands in his. "Dulcie, don't you want to stay here?" he asked huskily.

"No, no, me want to go home wis you," she said.

But Jack felt he must make very sure: "But you *said* you wanted to stay up here."

She pulled her hands away, clutching his coat, and said "Me peeked, and it's big an' empy, an' I want to go *home*, wis *you*, and I want Muzzie."

Jack swept her into his arms. "Aw, kiddy dear, you're coming home all right, all right, to be my little Snookums again; sweet silly little goose-cap, and this time you're coming to *stay*."

As they went on home, it was the boy who talked incessantly to a very quiet little girl. Dulcie was tired, and it was enough for her that she was going home to Mother's kind eyes and comfortable lap.

In the meantime, an anxious-eyed couple were ushered into Dr. Smith's office.

(To Be Concluded.)

MOONLIT TRAIL

THE stillness of all the world, it seems,
invades this moonlit night:
Still pines, still wind, still shadow shapes,
And the moon's still, silver light.

And yet—I hear crickets in the dark,
And an owl's low hollow hoot,
The rush of a stream over far-off rocks,
The scuff of a hobnailed boot;

But such little sounds are trifling small,
Each in its trifling place,
Engulfed in the silence of miles of pines,
The stillness of endless space.

—Aileen L. Fisher.

Religion should not be a folding of hands and bowing of the head; it should give ardour and quenchless joy such as we see in those saints' faces depicted by old masters.—Rev. H. S. Darby, M. A.

Gaga Goose and the Pig

By Montgomery Mulford

For the Messenger.

GAGA GOOSE MET CURLY-TAIL,
A FRIENDLY PIGLET WHO DID HAIL
FROM A BARNYARD QUITE NEARBY,
WHICH HE LEFT, AND THIS IS WHY—

CURLY-TAIL was a very lonesome pig. That is why the little fellow left his own farmyard and, with an apple in his mouht, went in search of company. His curly little tail bobbed up and down as he wabbled across a big field, wondering who it would be that he would first meet.

Curly-Tail had walked quite a distance when he saw ahead of him a goose. At once he knew that it was his friend, from another farm, named Gaga. When Curly-Tail came up to Gaga Goose, the little pig put down his apple and said:

"Where are you going?"

Gaga wagged his head and answered: "I am going swimming in the creek. It is time for me to have a bath anyway."

"Do you take a bath very often?" Curly-Tail wanted to know. He did not take a bath very often and he had never been in the waters of the creek.

"I take a bath every day," Gaga said. "Do you want to come?"

"I would like to come," said Curly-Tail. "If you will take me I shall give you my apple."

"Thank you, thank you," Gaga smiled happily as he took the apple and very quickly ate it. When it was gone, Gaga spoke up: "Now let us go to the creek," and as quickly as they could they wandered to the water. It was all that Curly-Tail could do to keep up with Gaga for he was such a little pig and so fat, and not at all used to hurrying.

As soon as they came to the creek Gaga jumped right in and splashed and shouted joyfully. But Curly-Tail only stepped to the edge of the water. and stuck one foot in. It seemed cold and he drew back.

* * *

WHEN Gaga saw that Curly-Tail would not go in, the goose came out of the water and at once started to push the little pig in! Curly-Tail squealed and grunted, but to no avail, for all at once he went sliding down the bank and splashed, ker-plunk! right into the water. This made Curly-Tail squeal all the more, for he had never been in such water before, and did not know what to do.

Gaga Goose stood and watched him and laughed and laughed, and then he ran into the water also, and began to swim about while poor Curly-Tail went right on splashing and kicking and squealing. He made so much noise that he frightened a bird in a nearby tree, who flew away!

Finally Curly-Tail was able to stand up. The water was not deep at all, and so he scrambled as quickly as he was able to, up on the land once more. My, but it was good to be out of the water again!

Curly-Tail saw Gaga Goose swimming so gracefully, but the little pig did not want to ever see such water again.

"I was not made to swim," he said, "and I should know better and not try to do things other people do. Just because Gaga was made to swim, I am not supposed to." And so Curly-Tail turned around and walked quickly back to his own farmyard where he would remain. For after all he was a baby pig and not a goose who could swim in water like Gaga.

S O S

JOAN and John are very sad,
They simply can't be cheered,
It's really dreadful news they've had,
For George has disappeared.

A finer puss there never was,
The terror of the rats!
They used to call him George because
He was the king of cats.

Oh, kindly readers, shed a tear,
And please remove your hats;
Remember George was very dear
And not like other cats.

They're sending out an S O S
"Missing from his home.
Parents are in great distress.
A cat, inclined to roam.

Last seen wearing grey fur coat,
Eyes a greenish tone,
Will finder kindly send a note
Or call on John and Joan?"

—My Magazine.

HARD TO FIND

Daddy hides a thimble,
Or Daddy hides a shoe,
And sometimes Daddy hides himself
(And sometimes I hide too).

And when things are too hard to find,
Or Daddy's gone too far,
He calls out "Bo!" or lifts me up
To show me where things are

—Exchange.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READIN

1. A prophet whom God sent to David.
2. Yes. He was very sorry.
3. Good at the heart. Not merely "good" outside.
4. "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me."
5. "Give me a willing spirit."
6. A good life.
7. That if we do wrong we must "own up."
8. "Owning up."

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RIDDLES

1. What flower reminds you of winter?
2. Why did the match box?
3. What flower suggests travelling a great distance?
4. What flower by dropping its first letter becomes a suitor?
5. When is the best time to read a book?
6. What goes into a house white and comes out red?
7. Why is K one of the most fortunate letters in the alphabet?

GAME

What are the wild waves saying?

Each guest is given a piece of paper large enough for seven short sentences. After each has written a sentence in answer to this question the paper is folded over to hide the answer and is passed to next guest. This is continued until each writes seven sentences when the hostess gathers up all the papers and reads each one through.

BIBLE PROBLEM

The initials of the following name a king mentioned in the book of Proverbs; the finials, a city of Greece:

One of the seven churches of Asia.

A country frequently mentioned in the Bible.

A son of Joseph.

People to whom Paul was debtor.

A Philistine city.

A Roman captain.

THE STRIKING CLOCK

Here is a little problem which may catch a good many people. Ask a friend how many times in a complete day the hammer would hit the gong in the case of a clock which only strikes the hours. Most people will simply add the figures 1 to 12 and give the answer as 78. Of course, a complete day is twenty-four hours, and so the hammer will strike the gong 156 times.—C.N.

Young Sandy (doing his homework): "If you lent a hundred pounds for three months at five per cent per annum, what would it be, faither?"

Father: "Charity, my boy."

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Memory Test—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. His forelegs. 4. Backward from the bow. 5. Horizontally. 6. The stern. 7. Towards the stern. 8. His fore-quarters. 9. Long. 10. The upper jaw. 11. Yes.

Arithmetical Puzzle—Take I from the middle of XIX and leave XX.

(July 26)

Rhyming Riddle.—Rocky Mountains.

English Puzzle—If grate be (great 'b') empty (mt), put coal on (colon). If grate be full, stop (full-stop) putting coal on.

(July 19)

Riddles Contributed by Chums

1. A crab apple. 2. Lie still. 3. Because the egg-beater. 4. The nose. 5. It saw a lemon drop. 6. Universe. 7. It saw the umbrella stand. 8. The lyre. 9. Because it is at the end of life. 10. Because it is the centre of fun.—From Margaret Stevenson.

Gasps and Giggles

"That's an unusual pair of stockings, Pat, one of them green, and the other brown."

"Sure, and I've got another pair like them at home."

Customer: "Have you a book called 'Man, the Master of Women'?"

Salesgirl: "Fiction department to the right, sir."

Men of Letters

A Devonshire shepherd and a cowman were discussing the new squire, and the conversation was as follows:

Shepherd: I.C.E.B.A.O.B.E.

Cowman: E.B., B.E.?

Shepherd: I., E.B.

Cowman: Y.B.E.A.O.B.E.?

Shepherd: Y.E.B.A.M.P., U.C.

Cowman: O.I., I.C.

"When I was on the Western Front," said the old soldier, "for a whole week the temperature stood at zero."

"That's nothing, simply nothing," said the young soldier.

"What's nothing?" demanded the veteran truculently.

"Zero!" cooed the youngster as he made for the door and safety.

A SORDID POISON

MARIHUANA, "one of the most devilish causes of human wreckage that exists uncontrolled today," has become an alarming problem.

"To render extremely difficult the acquisition of marihuana by persons desiring it for illicit use," is the reason given by Representative Frank H. Buck, of California, for legislation bearing his name which is now awaiting passage in the House of Representatives.

Marihuana is a dangerous drug found in the flowering top, leaves and seeds of the hemp plant. The plant has a number of industrial uses, but it has only slight recognition by the medical profession.

"Illicitly, marihuana is used principally by smoking in the form of cigarettes, which are now readily obtainable throughout the country at a comparatively cheap price," declares Rep. Buck in a statment concerning his bill.

He explains that "the toxic effects of these cigarettes are: self-satisfaction, merriment, often uncontrollable laughter, leading to a condition in which ideas are lacking in continuity, and control of thought, and the power of directing it are lost.

Large doses produce a tendency to wilful damage and violence, and many crimes are committed by persons under its influence. It is used by criminals to fortify themselves for the committing of crime.

The saddest and most pitiable aspect of the marihuana trade, however is that it is being placed in the hands of high school students in the form of cigarettes, sold by itinerant peddlers. Thus young people and children are started on the road to becoming drug addicts, and testimony before Congress was that many have been driven to crime and insanity."—Selected.

Cause and Effect

Tenant (to landlord): "I want to complain about the people on the upper floor banging on my ceiling all night long."

Landlord: "Did it disturb you?"

Tenant: "Not very much. I was playing my saxophone."

FOR centuries emeralds have been the favorite gems of beautiful women. Cleopatra was among the first to show her preference. She owned large emerald mines and gave large emeralds engraved with her portrait to her friends. Later on, history reveals that Napoleon's only gifts of jewels to the Empress Josephine were rare emeralds and pearls. Catherine the Great of Russia owned a large collection of emerald jewelry.—Exchange.

MAKING MARMALADE? — TRY THESE

PLACE four pounds of tomatoes in boiling water for a few minutes to remove their skins, and cut into thick slices. Cut three lemons into fine pieces, and remove the pips. To four pounds of loaf sugar add a gill of cold water, and dissolve gradually on the stove. Allow to boil for five minutes, add the lemons and tomatoes, then boil quickly, keeping well skimmed. When the marmalade clings to the spoon it is ready.

APPLE MARMALADE

Allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar to one pound of apples. Peel, core and slice the fruit very thinly. Put the sugar in a preserving-pan with half a teacupful of water to every six pounds of sugar. Add the sliced apples with a few cloves and a little cinnamon or lemon peel to flavor. Boil rapidly for one hour, keeping well skimmed, till it will set on a plate.

GINGER MARMALADE

Boil to a syrup two pounds of loaf sugar with one and a half pints of water. Add one pound of crystallized ginger cut into very small pieces, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Boil well together until it jellies.

GREEN GRAPE MARMALADE

Place the grapes, free from stalks, in a preserving-pan, and just cover with boiling water. Simmer them gently for five minutes, then remove the fruit carefully, and press through a coarse sieve. Weigh the pulp, and add an equal quantity of sugar. Boil until it will set.

Create Color Consciousness

LILLIE M. SAUNDERS

"OH, Mother, just look at my nice, clean dress — all covered with mud," little Ann Stevens held out the tiny skirt of the dress she was wearing. Her face expressed much concern.

Mrs. Stevens and a friend were in the cozy living room of the former's suburban home, visiting, and busy with handwork.

"Why, Ann dear, how did you do that?"

"Buster and I were playing ball, and I nearly caught him, but he jumped into a mud puddle—right in the middle of it, with all four feet. He didn't mean to though, 'cause he got all muddy—like my dress did."

"Well, that's too bad," sympathized the mother. "Come here, and I'll slip it off. We don't want it to touch anything. There, it's off. Now, lay it on the back porch and get a clean one. I'll rinse this out after a while."

"Mother, may I get my pink and white dress?" the child paused to ask as she was leaving the room.

"I'd rather you didn't, dear. I thought you would wear that tomorrow when we go to visit Aunt Nell. You'd better bring the lavender one."

"All right, Mother. I will."

After Ann had left the room, the visitor asked in surprise, "Does that child know colors?"

"Why, of course she does, Clara, nearly as well as you and I do. Why?"

"Well—that's unusual, isn't it—for a three-year-old? Betty is five and she doesn't know colors. I never thought to teach her."

"I consider color a very important part of a child's home education for many, many reasons."

"I pity a color-blind person! What I meant was that Ann is so young. Of course Betty, too, will learn her colors in time."

"Yes, but if she is not color-conscious now, she is losing so much enjoyment. Some people never do have the happiness of appreciating color. They never see beauty in a sunset glow, in the changing colors of the sky or in the pleasing plumage of birds. — Don't laugh!—To them there is no particular delight in the various shades of flowers, such as there is to you, Clara.

"I know you love the dainty pastel spring blossoms and the deeper colors brought out by the midsummer sun. I've watched you. It is odd you have not spoken of their loveliness to Betty."

"I suppose I did not think she was old enough to understand." Then after a moment, "Do you suppose that the reason some girls don't select more becoming hats and dresses is because they never have had the importance of color brought to their attention?"

"I think that has much to do with it, in the case of both girls and boys. The other day, I saw a middle-aged man on the street who had six bright colors from his hat to his shoes; each article clashed with the one next to it. I felt sorry for him. Without a doubt, he had missed one of the greatest joys of life: that of being color-conscious."

"Yes, a man needs to be fully as fastidious in the matter of hue-harmony as a woman. He needs to make even more careful selections, as a rule, for he has a much more limited range of colors to choose from. His taste in dressing means much in the business world."

"You are quite right, Clara. I know a boy who applied for a position, and passed every test wonderfully until it came to a color test. He was color-ignorant. He needed that job badly, but as colors were an immediate and urgent necessity, he lost out."

"Oh, here is Ann with her lavender dress!"

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Sunlight

What though a shadow falleth everywhere?
The shadow tells me that the sun is up,
The unclouded sun, and that the night is gone:
For it is light that casts the shadow and
I know that where it is, the truth must be.

—H. Bonar.

Hints on Fruit Picking

TO ascertain whether fruit is ready to be picked it should be lifted very gently. If it is ripe it will come away from the tree without any effort on the part of the picker.

* * *

Fruit should be gathered on a dry day and be handled as little and as carefully as possible. Tipping it from one basket to another is to be avoided.

* * *

Specimens that are bruised—even slightly—bird-pecked, or diseased must be rejected for storage. They would not keep and would contaminate the sound fruit.

* * *

Fruit will keep in a place where the light subdued and the temperature does not vary to any marked degree. Free ventilation is essential.

* * *

It is advisable to store fruit such as apples and pears in single layers.

* * *

A close examination must be made from time to time and all decaying specimens removed.

* * *

It is better to pick the fruit gradually taking that which is properly ripe first, than to gather the whole crop at one time, and put into store a proportion of unripe fruit which will probably shrivel before it is required for use in winter.—War Cry.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, AUGUST 16, 1940.

THE CHANCE OF ENDURING PEACE

ST JAMES says it well: "The wisdom that is from above is *first* pure, then peaceable." And Isaiah puts it plainly when he says that peace is the product of rightness and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance. And Jeremiah warned against people who went about "crying peace, peace when there is no peace."

How can there be any real, settled peace in national or international affairs without justice, straightness and fair dealing. And how can we hope to have peace while we permit pride, prejudice, selfishness and the like to separate us from one another?

Doesn't it all come down to this, that our only chance of peace and its kindred blessings is that each of us be willing to pay the price of peace, in terms of brotherhood and Christian good-will.

A POET ON THE WAR

ALFRED NOYES, the English poet, author of "Drake", "Forty Singing Seamen" and many other fine poems is in Canada lecturing under the auspices of the National Council of Education. He is accompanied by Mrs. Noyes and their children.

The Noyes home is at the extreme south of the Isle of Wight,—a lovely place and near to the historic centres of British shipping that Mr. Noyes loves so well, but now a neighborhood where air raid alarms are of frequent occurrence. The home adjoins the beach.

Interviewed by a Montreal paper, Mr. Noyes expressed his confidence that Hitler's blitzkreig when it comes will be a failure against Britain.

"The thing that made us decide to move the children," he said, "was the statement of the chief constable, who said that the enemy had been machine-gunning children on the beaches."

There was practically no poetry being written in this war. "It is different from the last war," Noyes said, "people are not in the mood; it is too grim a business."

"We have to get back to the principles of religion.

"I feel that this war is organized gangsterism on an international scale," he said. "You have only to listen to these people (the dictators) themselves.

"Mussolini says that there is no place in Italy for conscientious scruples.

"The most appalling thing in human history is the fact that the Red Cross has had to be removed from ambulances. That is war in a new sense," he said, adding that British ambulances had only small crosses to identify them to British people.

"WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO RELIGION"

THAT is the truth that is being driven home to many people these terrible days. Dr. John A. Hutton writes in the *British Weekly*: "A stage is reached (in war) when the decision rests not upon weapons, except as far as weapons are the expressions of spirit, but upon qualities of character such as patience, confidence, readiness to give up everything—time, inclination, leisure, prejudice, all thought, all passion, all desire, life itself—for the cause.

"'Ours,' says St. Paul, 'is not a conflict against mere flesh and blood, but with the despotisms, the empires, the forces that control and govern (enslave) this dark world.' 'Therefore,' he concludes in effect, 'we have not the ghost of a chance of victory until we meet the massed wills which are opposed to us with wills of our own massed equally and massed on God."

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO SMOKE

"YOU Do Not Have to Smoke" is the large type title of a striking pamphlet written and issued by George A. Little (112 Lytton Boulevard, Toronto) at 25 cents each or five for a dollar.

Two full-page legends arrest the reader's attention — "Why Do You Smoke?" and "How You Can Stop." Half-pages of the inner cover emphasize, "Smoking is Conventional, but Not Compulsory" and "What we choose is what we are."

This human document is one of the most arresting and convincing things we have seen in the way of popular discussion of the seductive "Lady Nicotine."

GOD'S MAGNET

One thing have I desired of the Lord.
PSALM 27:4.

God made Himself a world of lovely things—
Sunsets and rivers, forests, flowers, snow,
Lightning and birds, rainbows and waterfalls.
And then God said: "Indeed I count it loss,
These give delight to none except myself."
So God made man and tuned his stony heart
That he might feel the uplift, like Himself,
Of star and daisy, moss and breaking wave.

* * *

But note the wondrous depth of His design.
He set man's soul upon a steep ascent,
And linked him to Himself by making man
A sharer in the thrill of loveliness—
From the pure colours of the spectrum's range,
From rhythmic movement, song and ornament,
To the last message of the evening light,
To admiration of the good and true.
And then the soul, athirst, one thing desired—
To know, "behold the beauty of the Lord."

—Arthur N. Bax
In Church of England Newspaper.

A Source of Strength

THERE is no other book with which the Bible can be compared and no other reading that means so much to the human race. It is the support of the strong and the consolation of the weak; the dependence of organized government and the foundation of religion.—Selected.

Two Languages

TWO years ago in Edinburgh a great congress was held which was attended by women of more than thirty nationalities. A good many of them spoke languages which few outside their own country could understand—but they all spoke at least one other language too, and spoke it extremely well. So they could all understand what was happening at all the meetings, for English and French were spoken almost always.

It was my good fortune to have long conversations with two of these ladies, says a writer in the young people's column of the *Perthshire Constitutional.* These conversations proved most entertaining and I couldn't have enjoyed them at all had they not been carried on in English, so it was a piece of good fortune for me. One of the ladies who belonged to the middle of Europe was a most amusing person and extremely clever. She was very high up in her chosen profession, and could talk fluently in five languages!

The second time I met this lady we felt we had been friends for quite a long time. Almost at once she said to me, "Can you tell me who your bonnie Prince Charlie's father was?" "Of course I can," I replied, for to me that was quite an easy one! But she giving an exclamation of surprise, said, "Well, you're the first Scottish person I have come across who could give an answer! I asked four people last night and none of them knew! So we looked him up in a book! We found he was the son of James II. He was born in England but brought up in France, where his father had been driven into exile. The French people called him the Chevalier de St. George."

* * *

THAT rather staggered me—but later I had the satisfaction of being pretty lofty with them all over it. The foreigner was very interested in Prince Charlie, and thought me rather hard about him. But I insisted that he shouldn't have expected the whole of the Highlanders to fight for him and his cause when all the help he brought over from France was seven men.

She was sympathetic about several of our sovereigns and their descendants who had lost their heads and their thrones, but I kept pointing out that in most cases they had not thought about their people at all. At last I said, "Are you a complete royalist?" And with a funny look, she answered, "Oh, yes!" When bidding her goodbye I discovered, quite by chance, that she was herself a princess!

The second foreigner was a Dutch lady, and the person who interested her most of all in our history was King William the Third, otherwise William of Orange. Which I found very amusing after my other conversation, as, of course, it was William of Orange who became our King when Prince Charlie's grandfather was forced to abdicate it. She had stood before his statue in London and with pride had read the inscription upon it which said something about him keeping our country free.

Both these ladies spoke our language extremely well, and both knew a great deal about our history. The Dutch lady had a quaint way of saying "Huh?" at the end of many of her sentences, and I gathered it was rather similar to our "Isn't it?" Several other words of ours she used in a very amusing way.

COSTUME OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I, GREAT GRANDFATHER OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Troubles are so sensitive to ridicule that they soon desert us if we keep laughing at them.

A sergeant was talking to some recruits about their rifles. "Remember," he said, "that your rifle's your best friend. Take every care of it. Treat it as you would your wife, and rub it all over with an oily rag every day!"

ANOTHER SCHOOLBOY HOWLER

A small boy had to say in an examination what he knew about Luther, and wrote: "Martin Luther was originally a German monk who had a diet of worms, after which he said, 'I can take no other course'!"

Unnecessary Disease

"THE waste and wickedness of unnecessary disease, and death resulting from such disease, should be even more evident in wartime than in peace-time and efforts to prevent illness in wartime should be more strenuous than ever before," declares the leading editorial in the current issue of "Health", organ of the Health League of Canada.

Deploring "the shortsightedness of governments which attempt to economize by reducing expenditures on health conservation machinery," the editorial points out that a curtailing of health measures will result in increased illness and death rates and ultimately greater costs to the community.

"There should be no decrease in national health expenditures, but increases," the editorial continues. "There should be no let-up in the fight against disease. There should be no possibility of losing the war by neglect on the home front as Germany did in the last war."

The Health League of Canada calls upon Canadian citizens to "rise to a new sense of our responsibilities one to another and to our common citizenship."

"War, terrible though it is, is but a transitory phase which will end," the editorial concludes. "Human beings will live on after the war in a world which will be to a degree as good or bad as we who are involved in the war make it.

"Each individual should endeavor to keep his own health at as high a level as possible and to see that every effort is made to preserve the health of his fellow citizens."

How They Work!

IT has lately been estimated that the ordinary, active, capable, unassisted housewife walks quite a couple of miles daily within her own home. Each year, we are told, she takes something like 3,200,000 steps and in ten years she will walk over 7,000 miles without going out.

The preparation of meals is the most important factor in the housewife's long trek, her total distance covered at the end of the year being estimated at 180 miles, while the job of clearing away dishes and wash-up comes second with 150 miles.

Dusting and sweeping accounts for 65 miles yearly, while 100,000 steps are round beds; more steps to answer the door, while the children add considerably to the mileage.—Selected.

Teacher: "Henry analyze this sentence, 'It was getting to be milking time.' What mood?"

Henry: "The cow!"